

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Some Reasons Why the Approaching Holiday is Observed.

We've heard her faults a hundred times, the new ones and the old.
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes, enlarged some fifty fold;
But take them all, the great and small, and this we've got to say:
Here's dear old Ireland! Good old Ireland! Ireland! boys, hurrah!

In Arizonan hills we'll meet, from one bright island flown:
Great is the land we tread, but yet our hearts are with our own;
And ere we sleep a restful wink, while fades the sacred day.
We'll toast old Ireland! Dear old Ireland! Ireland! boys, hurrah!

To the lovers of Ireland—to those who resent her wrongs, sympathize with her sufferings and laud her achievements, there can be no time more sacred than the 17th of March—known as St. Patrick's day.

To one conversant with Irish history and the efforts of the Irish race to burst the fetters that foreign force has imposed upon them and elevate their country from bondage and degradation to a place among the free nations of the earth, filling a page in the world's history which no lover of liberty can read without emotion and which excites wonder, admiration and regret in the mind of every man with whom patriotism is not a reproach; to he who remains, in the immortal words of Emmet, "untainted by the foul breath of prejudice," the enthusiastic celebration of this day by Erin's sons causes no surprise nor unfavorable comment. And why should not Irishmen feel proud to observe fittingly their national holiday? Is there recorded a more signal instance than that which Ireland can furnish of the baffling of a nation's hope, or the prolonged frustration of a people's will? Can it be denied that the Irish people have given to mankind the noblest proof they possess of the

vitality of the principles of freedom and the indestructibility of national sentiment? The bones of those martyrs who lived amid the scenes of battle and of war, who sought to restore their native land to her rightful inheritance, who, when the solemn farce of trying them for a crime which posterity will account a virtue had terminated, were assigned to and suffered an ignominious death—the bones of those patriots may now repose in their graves far away; but we have still among us the inheritors of their blood, their name and their spirit. They failed, it is true, in what they attempted to accomplish; and it is because of this sacred duty yet to be performed, as well as to keep alive the national sentiment, that the Irish people, in America, at least, unite annually in the celebration of St. Patrick's day, to show that they still accept the maxim that—

"Tis better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all."

Only seventy years have passed since Wolfe Tone answered the question why sentence should not be pronounced upon him—only two-thirds of a century since Emmet vindicated the cause of his country, and already what a host of imitators and disciples they have had! There is not a country in Europe, there is not a nationality in the world—no, not even excepting our own—that can boast of such a collection of heroes, patriots and martyrs as the "home of music, of poetry and of song." When men can be found to suffer as they have suffered for Ireland, the ultimate triumph of her aspirations cannot be doubted, nor can the national faith be despaired of while it has champions so numerous and so heroic. It is by example that the great lessons of patriotism can best be conveyed; and if the national spirit burns brightly in Ireland today; if the spirit of her children be still defiant and unsubdued; if in the